A Never-Ending Nightmare

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A Never-Ending Nightmare

by APastandFutureNerd

Summary

Some months after the disaster in Baltimore, the nightmare doesn't end for Will Graham. After pursuing Le Chiffre due to the striking similarities between him and Hannibal, Will Graham makes a mistake and gets caught when going into heat. Le Chiffre tortures him first to get information from him, then changes his mind and Will becomes his omega sex slave.

Inspired by that torture scene in Casino Royale.

Notes

This story is dark and not suitable for minors! Please be careful when reading this story and mind the tags. Don't say I didn't warn you. It really isn't a happy story. Take care of yourself! I am not responsible if you read it nonetheless and I won't bow to the fandom police roaming the fandom!

There might or might not be more stories on Will's life as sex slave. I have to think about it.

“Well, who do we have here?” Le Chiffre said in a taunting tone while circling his victim who lay curled up on the floor of the dark, bleak basement of the ship, his chest heaving and falling fast. A short glance sufficed to identify the man. It was the former FBI agent named Will Graham who had pursued him some time ago, having discovered his dark secret. Two tall, bulky beta men ripped off his sweat-soaked shirt and trousers with their hands until he lay on the filthy, cold floor, naked and vulnerable. Will kicked after his captors with his legs and hands, groaning and hissing.

”Get your dirty hands off me!”

Will writhed on the ground, offering as much resistance as he could, but the men subdued him in the end with violence. A punch to his nose made the omega submit. Blood rippled out of Will’s nostrils. One of the men sat on his back with his massive weight and handcuffed him. The man murmured something like, “Filthy little omega. You will regret this.”

“That’s enough,” Le Chiffre spoke sharply as one of them touched him. “He’s mine now. Leave.”

“The money, Sir?”

“Will be transferred to your bank account,” Le Chiffre gnarled. “Now get out!”

The two betas who had brought him here stepped back into the shadows. Soon a heavy door fell shut with a loud bang. Now they were alone. Le Chiffre yanked him up from the ground. Will gasped in pain, trying to resist and push him away with a headbutt, but to no avail. He was about to go into heat and his body; his muscles failed him. Le Chiffre used that moment of weakness to throw him on the chair with the cut-out seat, handcuffed him to it, and picked up a robust brown rope in his hands from a corner for punishment. At the end of the long brown rope, a knot was tied to it.

His nostrils flared as he sniffed the scent coming off the omega. He smelled the pheromones smelling of vanilla and fruit anticipating heat. To his astonishment, he recognized that Will Graham was an *omega* . The agent had been too eager for his good and made a terrible mistake in trying to catch him without taking heat suppressants. Or he had forgotten to take them. Le Chiffre stepped back and admired the marvelous and slightly bloodied body of the omega after being beaten up by his men.

What an enthralling sight the omega was. Sinful, enticing eye-candy. Le Chiffre liked it, although he had never taken a male omega for pleasure. Male omegas were rare, after all. Graham had the appearance of a Greek youngling with his chocolate brown curls, hauntingly blue-green eyes, and the seducing, lush, pink lips. He walked closer, bent down, and inhaled the scent of distress and anger of the omega. Today he was quite lucky. Who would have thought he would get an unbonded male omega.

“Such a naughty little thing,” Le Chiffre purred, his lips curling up at the sight of the remainder of a bonding scar which had been removed by force it seemed. “What have you gotten yourself into.” His fingers then traced along the crook of his neck. Beads of sweat

have formed all over the body already. He was *drenched* in sweat. At touching his scar and pressing his fingers on the sensitive skin tissue, the omega whined inadvertently, which pleased Le Chiffre.

It was so easy to make omegas sing for you when you touch the right spots.

“Let me go, you bastard,” the agent growled and flung another deadly stare at him. “You are going to regret this. My Alpha will come for you..they will cut you up and eat you alive.

But he knew it was an empty threat the minute the words left him. Hannibal wouldn’t come back. He had fled to God knows where. Hannibal had washed his hands off him and gotten himself a new omega.

Alpha...I am sorry. Why did you go? I need you, Hannibal.

The empty thread made Le Chiffre laugh out loud. The cruel laughter echoed in the vast basement.“Where is your alpha to save you now, huh? It seems he didn’t need *you* anymore.”

When the mention reminded him of the disaster that had occurred some months ago, Will’s eyes flashed up golden. He quickly tilted his head to the side and snapped for Le Chiffre’s hand. This action earned Will a harsh slap of the rope on his upper body, making him jerk and cry out in pain on the chair as the rope cut into his skin. It burned. It burned so much. The alpha growled in pleasure when Will lowered his head and showed his submission. This was a warning if he kept up his defiance.

Le Chiffre tossed the rope with the knot to the floor and changed his mind. He didn’t want to ruin his body or his genitals anymore. In due time, the agent would tell him why he pursued him. A sultry, and a better idea came to his mind when he touched his bloodied, blazing hot chest, the sculpted pectorals, and the colorful red bruises the thick rope had left on his skin. The pale remains of a scar on the abdomen annoyed him, though, as it was the sign of his former alpha, having put a possessive mark on his prize before discarding him.

His hands wandered to the moist firm thighs and calves hiding wiry strength and his cock, which reacted to the teasing of his hands. Le Chiffre grinned as he witnessed the omega fighting against his biology. Slick kept pouring out of his ass. Le Chiffre’s fingers touched his perineum, then he led a finger to his mouth to taste the delicious, thick, translucent slick.

Yes. Why not keep him to himself? He would be his omega slave to be used to his liking. Maybe he would send the FBI a video of how he fucked and claimed the omega, of course, from a safe location. He would have him kneeling beside him all the time during his negotiations and parties. And he would kill his former alpha to signal his omega he was his master now.

His dick pressed against the confines of his pants as the sweet heat pheromones rose from the omega’s scent glands on his arms and neck and triggered a physical reaction in the alpha. His maroon eyes turned crimson red, and his heartbeat accelerated. His mind was filled with possessive thoughts.

My omega. You’re mine.

The alpha sifted his hands through the sweaty curls clinging to his head and brushed his finger along his cheeks. Wanting to escape at all costs, Will Graham jerked, lowering his head to headbutt Le Chiffre in his stomach this time, but the latter evaded it once more. He growled loudly and shot his captor a glare.

Le Chiffre chuckled and pulled his lips into a smug smirk at the weak defiance. He cupped Will's cheek into the palm of his hand before slapping his face harshly a few times.

"You are my omega now," Le Chiffre snarled. "I am going to be your alpha. I will make sure of that."

"You will never be my alpha," Will panted, giving his best to resist.

Le Chiffre snarled and wielded the rope again in anger and frustration.

Smack. Smack.

"NO!" Will cried. Due to his violent trembling, he fell to the ground with the chair. LeChiffre pulled him up and whipped him again.

Bloody marks and bruises embellished his body, and blood rippled out of some of them. Stars danced in front of his eyes. The whipping hurt so much that Will finally relented in the end.

"Stop," he whimpered after the last whipping. Tears clouded his vision and formed a grey veil in front of them.

"I'll do what you want."

Will barely managed to meet the Hannibal lookalike, dangerously glinting eyes. "Please...please stop", he whined in his most pitiful voice. "Please..I'm yours, alpha."

He lowered his head again to submit and tried to blink his tears away. *Fucking alphas.* Le Chiffre walked around the chair, freed him from his restraints, and tossed them away.

"Kneel," he told Will in his commanding, harsh Alpha voice.

Will had no other choice than to obey and sank on his knees. He could not stop his body from leaking thick, syrupy slick at the sound of his voice. Oh god. Fuck this heat, his biology, and this alpha. His cock was achingly hard and leaking precum to the floor, but when he touched himself, Le Chiffre grabbed his wrist and growled.

"You cum when I allow you to."

He scrutinized him with a cold, deadly stare, unbuckled his belt, then unzipped the fly of his slacks and freed his hard, bulging cock. Le Chiffre pushed Will's head closer to his groin. Will instinctively took his impressive length into his mouth and began to suck, moving his head back and forth. The idea of hurting him with his teeth popped up in his mind, but the alpha guessed it and held a pocket knife to his throat.

“If you try and hurt me,” he threatened in a low but dangerous voice. “I will cut off your balls and send them to the FBI. And then I’ll cut your throat and leave you to die. “

Le Chiffre pulled his cock out, grabbed Will’s chin with a fair amount of brute force and forced Will to look at him.

“Do you understand?”.

Instead of replying, Will bobbed his head in a weak attempt to nod and gazed up at him with what he hoped was a submissive, compliant look. Will wanted to cry and comfort himself in a corner, waiting until his heat was gone, but alphas detested seeing signs of weakness. At least, Hannibal did despise that. So if he wanted to survive, he should bond with his captor and play his role well. An old memory of a case with the missing children came back to him. Well, he didn’t want to be breakfast. He was torn from his thoughts when Le Chiffre pressed his cock back against his mouth and slammed into his orifice again.

“Such a good whore,” Le Chiffre growled, arching his head back, enjoying Will’s mouth and tongue on his cock and the sound of his gags as his alpha cock was quite long. Most of all, he enjoyed the power he held over an FBI agent. Le Chiffre grabbed Will’s hair harshly and let out a sharp hiss as Will licked around the glans and used his lips and tongue in the best way he could muster.

When the pace was too slow for him, Le Chiffre sped up and fucked his face as roughly and hard as he could. Will gagged around his cock and choked, but the alpha kept on chasing his pleasure and smiled a repugnantly arrogant smile at him.

“Be a good boy for me, won’t you?”

Le Chiffre panted as Will kept on stimulating his cock and balls further. A sharp exhale and pleased growl followed. The alpha trembled slightly as the orgasm built up inside him. Ecstasy rushed through every fiber of his body.

When Will thought he would pass out and even secretly embraced the idea of no longer being conscious, the alpha came with a loud and animalistic growl, and some muttered curses, spilling his thick stripes of seed into his mouth. When Will coughed and struggled, he pulled at his sweaty curls again as punishment. Le Chiffre watched with an intrigued stare how he swallowed the huge amount of seed down. After all, he hadn’t got around to fuck someone for a little time. Vesper had run off with Bond, that little bitch.

He wiped away the drops of cum running down the corners of his mouth and forced the swollen lips of Will open again. Will licked the fingers clean and received a rewarding pet on his head. Will hadn’t come yet and looked up at Le Chiffre in expectation, but the alpha shook his head and pushed his hand away from his own cock. “Not here, filthy boy.”

The alpha hauled him up and tossed his dirty, ripped clothes to him, and waited until Will had covered himself. His erection hurt, and the headache of the coming heat pulsated in his skull, but Will didn’t have another choice.

”Hurry now,” Le Chiffre ordered him, growling a little, and shoved him forward with his hand towards the exit of the room. “I want to bond with you in a better environment,” he purred and pressed his lips to his chocolate curls.

Will groaned in pain, nearly losing control over his trembling legs. Le Chiffre wiped away a red blood tear escaping his left eye then wrapped his arms around his back, helping his omega walk out of the room. Comforting pheromones wafted through the air to make Will more pliant and ease the pain he had suffered.

Reacting to the pheromones, the omega pressed himself against his new alpha, but didn’t say a word and stumbled forward. When they passed by the beta men who leered and taunted him, he lowered his head and sought protection in the arms of his abuser. LeChiffre purred in satisfaction. “Soon, my boy”, he placated his omega as he whined because of the ache to be knotted.

When they were lounging in the comfortable leather seats of a BMV limousine, making way to the private jet with the intention to leave Montenegro, Will snuggled up to his new alpha and rested his head on his lap, tired and exhausted from the captivity and whipping. Exhausted as he was, Will accepted his fate now. Besides, this alpha had been good to him and tended to his wounds. Satisfied with the submission and resignation of his captured omega, LeChiffre purred. He petted his curly hair and hummed a little song to himself as he looked out of the window and saw the little airport, with his jet waiting and ready for him , coming closer. Le Chiffre could not have been in a better mood. This omega was his true treasure. Screw the gambled money.

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